

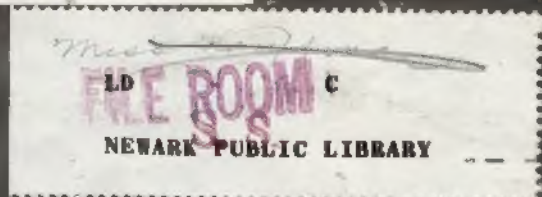
LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 9

SEPTEMBER 1970 40c

Nation Building

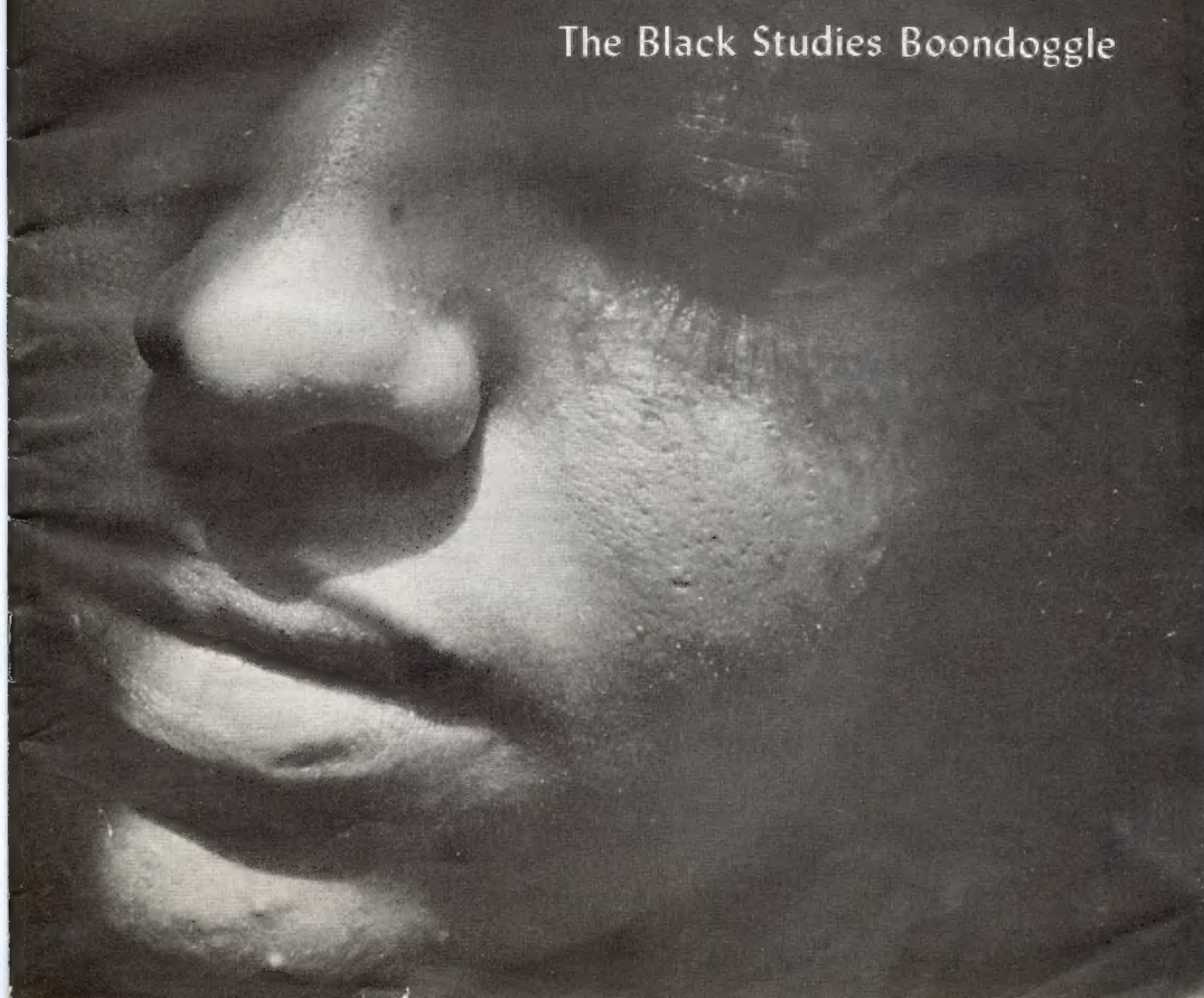
Editorial



Women's Lib: A New Cop-Out on the Black Struggle?

Drugs Are Real

The Black Studies Boondoggle



LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 9 September 1970

LIBERATOR: Copyright 1970, by the Afro-American Research Institute, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is strictly prohibited.

LIBERATOR is published monthly by the Afro-American Research Institute, Inc. 244 East 46 Street, New York, N. Y., 10017

Subscription Prices: Within Continental United States:

Single Copy: 40¢ 1 year \$4.00
2 years \$7.50

Foreign surface Mail: 1 year \$6.00

Foreign air mail: 1 year \$13.00

All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address should be sent to **LIBERATOR**, 244 East 46 Street, N.Y., N.Y., 10017
Tel: YUkon 6-5939, area code 212
Advertising Rates Sent Upon Request



Daniel H. Watts
editor-in-chief

EDITORS

Richard Gibson

Africa, Asia and Europe

Clayton Riley

Arts

Tom Feelings

Illustrator

Contents

EDITORIAL

Nation Building 3

ANALYSIS

Women's Lib: A New Cop-Out on the Black Struggle?
by William H. Banks, Jr. 4

The Black Studies Boondoggle
by Richard A. Long 6

Drugs Are Real
by Clayton Riley 10

NEWS IN BRIEF 14

POETRY

The Black Experience
by Betty Hager Francis 12

Memo
by Beverly Bruce Havard 9

SHORT STORY

Alownne
by J. W. Mondesire 18

BOOK REVIEWS

Black Pow Wow Jazz Poems
Riot
Homecoming
Cities Burning
Maumau American Cantos
by Houston A. Baker, Jr. 22

PHOTO ESSAY

by Kent Garrett 23

Cover Photo: Frederick Floyd
model: Kathy Floyd

Nation Building

The Labor Day week-end has been the traditional holiday for all those who toil in the U.S., but this year it became a time for conferences for Afro-Americans. Two conferences took place, one in Atlanta called the International Congress of African People, and the other in Philadelphia convened by the Black Panther Party to rewrite the United States Constitution. Both proclaimed their desire for the liberation of all oppressed peoples, both issued universal calls for unity, but there the similarity ended. The International Congress went on to concentrate on "nation building," the Panthers on the need for the assertion of Black manhood.

In Atlanta, the gathering of the folks consisted of well-known civil rights leaders, all of whom have toiled long at the public trough (Ford Foundation, OEO, and other fountainheads of white money), calling for complete racial separation. Many of these articulate, self-appointed spokesmen are products of all-white universities, many are on the faculties of these colleges, many are copping heavy bread... and yet, playing their usual game of verbal anger, they droned on about nation building and separation. Not one of them would be capable of stepping across the street to help a nodding brother strung-out on heroin; not one of them would raise his hand to stop a brother from putting a hurt on another brother; not one has a viable program to develop a self-help concept in the Black community. But most tragic of all was the total division, alienation between these Black intellectual verbal warriors at the Atlanta Conference and the street brothers and sisters of the Black Panthers who for the last year have had to bear the brunt of relentless attempts by the white power structure to destroy them.

You do not build nationhood by putting down brothers and sisters who lack college degrees, or by running around with light meters trying to determine how Black is Black. You build nationhood by embracing *all* brothers and sisters, no matter what their political ideology, posturing, or rhetoric, who are out there manning the barricades.

Neither will we build a nation by romanticizing the notion that freedom comes through death. Freedom through death is an alien ideology planted in our midst by the enemy to destroy us, encouraging us to use drugs, to make suicidal attacks upon an overwhelmingly superior military force. No one can *give* anyone else freedom, and yes, in the taking there will be some dying. But freedom also only comes to those who are ready to *live* for it.

--- DANIEL H. WATTS

It could be argued that Black men should have least of all to say about the feminist movement. First of all we are male and secondly we are Black, whereas a disproportionate number of the feminists are white. However, in view of the fact that the feminists almost always compare their movement with that of the Black struggle, I think that I can speak with some license.

Let me begin by raising a point of philosophical agreement I share with the feminists — my hope being, of course, that this clarification will in some way serve to free me from the label of Sexual Bigot, a label which seems to be applied these days to any male who dares to criticize Women's Lib in any way. All too much of classical masculinity is in fact a mindless celebration of the power of which the subordinate role of women has been a part. Women have traditionally been considered the prizes and therefore the dehumanized objects of masculinity, just as land and the labor of powerless races of people have been the objects of imperialism. There are, however, wide differences between Women's Liberation and other struggles in intensity and basic assumptions.

Perhaps the most absurd feminist assumption is that men have created all the world's troubles because they have been the generals, kings, and presidents, thus implying that women would have done a better job. One can certainly see that history would have been much different for men and women and much better in terms of women's rights and power if the roles had been reversed. But it is hard to imagine fewer wars, less disease and general human waste if women had been in control. Evidently there is a feminist mystique which dictates that women are and would be, even in positions of power, more humanistic than men. Even if women do have more human sensitivity than men (and this certainly has not been proved), this sensitivity is no more innate to women than maternal instinct or any other form of what I am sure feminists would agree is

Women's Lib:

by WILLIAM H. BANKS, JR.



cultural programming. If power corrupts, then certainly to be oppressed can sensitize and humanize.

The absurdity of this moral arrogance shows the reluctance of the feminists to pursue their struggle in realistic terms of political dynamics. Blacks have found that moral, religious, and even legislative appeals to an oppressive system do not readily yield positive results. Political organization around substantive issues such as more day care centers, unjust abortion laws,

as well as employment and educational opportunity discrimination is therefore preferable to burning bras, demanding reparations from pornographers and crashing bars which exclude unescorted women.

The first thing which comes to mind is the unromantic tameness of the above suggestion. The Black and Peace movements and the repression of them have unfortunately raised the response threshold of the national consciousness to nothing short of violence. A feminist might

A New Cop-Out on the Black Struggle?



not, however, determine the relative value or necessity of various struggles. This judgement should be the result of an individual's perception of his oppression.

The true perception of one's oppression can be very difficult. Very often young people, white and non-white, male and female, make the mistake of substituting a distinctive revolutionary identity for an unsuccessful personal identity. Moreover, the insufficiency which feminists perceive in the classical feminine role and therefore in themselves is indeed rooted in reform movements of today as well as in the establishment.

The failure of women to gain positions of importance in modern reform movements and the limited success of the movements themselves has been understandably both depersonalizing and frustrating to women. This situation should show feminists however that emphasis must still be placed on the targets of the earlier movements as well as Women's Liberation.

The pivotal factor in the growth and pre-eminence of the feminist movement will be its degree of acceptance among the large number of poor and/or non-white women it has not yet reached. It must for instance convince a poor Black woman that the condition of being female is as constricting or more so than being Black or poor. This mission will be a very difficult one, and it will remain difficult until this society learns to deal with the fundamental and recurring problem of the flow of power between the powerful and the powerless, which is symptomized by the oppressions of poverty and racism as well as the oppression of women. A spokesman for the Women's Union, a Women's Liberation organization sponsoring a bail fund for Black Panther Joan Bird, aptly presented the need for unified liberation perspective and struggle in a *New York Times* article dated June 9, 1970: "Women will not be free until Joan (Bird), The Panther 21, Black, Brown, the Vietnamese -- all people -- are free."

argue that women have been the subject of the violence of cultural oppression down through the ages and thus conclude that the women's struggle is as intense as the Black of Peace movements. However, whereas cultural oppression is a matter of historical interpretation, the deaths of Malcolm X, Dr. King, Bobby Hutton and many other Blacks are matters of fact. Violence and martyrdom are unfortunately indices of the intensity of liberation struggles. The amount of violence does

Over seventy years ago, DuBois sought to begin at Atlanta University a series of scientific studies of the Black problem in America. His venture was rewarded with only a modicum of success. There was adequate encouragement at Atlanta University, poor then as now. But he rapidly discovered that philanthropic organizations and agencies, supposedly wholly dedicated to spreading the blessings of science everywhere, were a little less than enthusiastic about scientific studies of the Black man. His tale is told with affecting dispassion in *Dusk of Dawn* and again in Chapter 13 of his second autobiography, written when he was in his nineties.

In 1919, DuBois began the first steps toward his lifelong unattained dream, the *Encyclopedia Africana*. This was doomed to disappointment, though he pursued the idea during his long years as editor of the *Crisis* and again on his return to Atlanta University in the 1930's.

Nevertheless, the interest in the world and the background of Afro-Americans so carefully nurtured by DuBois, by Carter Woodson, by Benjamin Brawley, long a professor at Morehouse in the Atlanta University Center, by Kelly Miller, and many other eminent Black scholars of the first half of the twentieth

century, took a feeble hold in the hearts and minds of earnest Black seekers after truth. An important chapter in this quest for self-enlightenment was the formation of ladies' literary societies throughout the nation, one at least named for DuBois himself and that back in 1906.

The strands and strains of the history of the study of Black folk by Afro-Americans is itself a story worth the exploring and the telling. Indeed, it requires exploration and telling if only because so much confusion, so much obfuscation, so much deliberate manipulation of the truth, some in ignorance, some in malice, is now the order of the day.

No people have believed more passionately in the American dream than Black Americans though none have had more reasons to disbelieve. And this very faith has had disastrous consequences both for their hearts and their minds, for their souls and their science. For, consciously, Black people, Black scholars, Black thinkers, have acquiesced as one in an interpretation of their history and their experience which has been biased, inaccurate, and unscientific in the extreme -- an interpretation which, defining all history in Euro-American terms, has sought to make of Black Americans a mirror people,

reflecting, usually badly, what they have been taught by the cultural arbiters of planet earth. The Black folk intelligence long ago grasped the point and expressed it in a pithy dramatic epigram:

Black girl: Mirror, mirror, on the wall who is the fairest one of all?

Mirror: Snow White! And don't you forget it.

The examination of this phenomena, this acquiescence in Euro-American values, is itself a proper inquiry for Black Studies, for it will serve as a warning against the newer excesses which are already in full swing, as well as some of the older ones which have merely assumed Black masks. All such excesses bring truth to the service of tyranny, science to the service of cynics, and man to the servitude of myth.

In recent years, we have had, as a part of a general re-evaluation of the Euro-American ethos, the discovery that all has not been well in the study of the Black man, in what is taught (or not taught) about him, in what is written (or not written) about him, in what is examined (or not examined) about him. The discovery of such an obvious truth is not in itself remarkable. Indeed, it

The Black Studies Boondoggle

is only incidental to a larger truth, one which has always been perfectly obvious to all: that the Black man in the world that Europeans have made has fared ill. It is the reformulation of that truth, of that reality, which has engendered in its wake the demand that the study of the Black man be re-formulated as well. Obviously, it has been felt and insisted upon that the disproportion in the study of the Black man functions structurally in the injustice he experiences. That this disproportion is a consequence of that injustice and that it, in turn, nurtures that injustice, provoking both a positive and a negative rationale for it.

The negative rationale is clear enough. Examine the curriculum of ninety percent of American colleges of a short year ago and you will find that nowhere can the most diligent eye find any evidence from course offerings that Black men have lived and breathed, struggled and fought, labored and created. This fact must be placed in historical perspective. Colleges of 100 years ago carried in their course offerings little that had affected any division of the human race outside of the Hebrew Bible and the Greco-Roman world. But those colleges frankly disdained any competence to deal with the modern

world. The more recent American university presumed to speak on all subjects to all men, and its spokesmen insisted quite vehemently that this was what they were doing. These omniscient curricula said in effect, "Of the Black man there is nothing to say."

A small number of American colleges, among which the Black colleges had an important place -- a point, pointedly forgotten and ignored in the higher and rarer air where some Black Studies decisions are now being made -- a small number of American colleges counted the Black man in. But there, more often than not, a positive rationale for injustice was provided, for the Black man was a problem, a social disaster, a misfit.

For several years we have had growing by leaps and bounds a series of interrelated activities grouping around the concepts of disadvantage, cultural deprivation, social fragmentation, and psychological shipwreck.

The rewards in these enterprises have been great for certain schools, none Black, for certain individuals, none Black, and for certain foundations and agencies, none Black. It is equally obvious that nowhere, anywhere, have substantive numbers of Black people, the object of so much

energy and so much solicitude and so much expenditure, profited or gained or advanced. Operation Culturally Deprived has become a mammoth industry, a classic boondoggle in the good old American tradition. Pilot study has succeeded pilot study. Model after model has been devised. The single unvarying characteristic in all of this monumental activity exploitive of the situation of Black people is that Black people are almost never included in any of its planning and that all previous findings, knowledge, and insights, especially when they have issued from the work of Black scholars, are studiously ignored.

Now, and as it were suddenly, we have Black Studies. Not the non-study of Black people. Not the study of the culturally deprived. But study, positively oriented, based on the search for truth, for meaning, and for significance. Now we have Black Studies. But do we? Here in these first years of the Black Academic Revolution we have a literal explosion in course offerings and programs in colleges from Puget Sound to the Florida Keys. But do we have Black Studies? Or are we being set up for another giant academic boondoggle which will evade rather than focus upon its ostensible object?

Certain trends and tendencies need to be noted at the moment, for the Black Studies picture is already extremely complex and threatens to become even more so. One tendency to be deplored is the imperialistic approach. In the November 1969 issue of *Negro Digest*, editor Hoyt Fuller takes Mary Washington College and one Mr. Singh to task for establishing a *Black Studies Journal*

cont next pg

by RICHARD A. LONG

in Fredericksburg, Virginia, that jewel of the Confederacy. This is clearly an act of imperialism motivated by opportunism. If Mary College has had any significance at all it was a symbol of inaccessibility to Black people. There are surely few there now. It is, therefore, an act of presumption for it to attempt to preempt this field. If Mary Washington College had suddenly become a center for Black Studies, a journal emanating from that institution would still be hard to take, but there is not even faint justification for it. What do you think would be the reaction if an American college which had recently refused Jewish students were to announce itself as the home of a Jewish Studies journal? Can you imagine the consequences?

A second tendency is paternalism. This is kindlier in manner, but equally arrogant and is, I regret to say, found everywhere money is dispersed in the name of Black Studies. Certain foundations, guided by arrogant program administrators, have already decided where the Black Studies movement should go and propose spending their money so as to make it go in those directions. The pattern of spending of the Ford Foundation is very revealing in this regard. It has siphoned large grants to parts where Black people were unknown, with the aim of darkening the student population and the curriculum. So far as I know, these grants are never accompanied by any conditions which assure anything more than a certain amount of activity. When approached last year about supporting the first Conference on African and African-American Studies at Atlanta University, the Ford Foundation blew hot and cold, and finally decided it could not do anything. It was as if it had suddenly become clear that something con-

structive might be done about Black Studies in a Black institution and there is, to my knowledge, no desire in those circles to see this happen.

Another tendency to be noted with some concern is a nihilistic one which approves the existence of Black Studies but which disclaims any attempt to set up a verifiable content for such programs. In many instances such an attitude results from misunderstanding the demands of Black students for Black teachers on the faculties of their institutions. Few Black students are so naive as to believe it is pigment cells rather than brain cells that learn and teach. But they were dealing with people who unconsciously believe this, and it was necessary to shock them out of their mythology.

Establishing a Black Studies program on a completely individual and particular basis (whether this is called autonomy or not) is academic nihilism and the alacrity with which certain respectable institutions accepted such alternatives is an indictment of them for triviality.

A fourth tendency to be deplored is materialism. In a few years' time, Black Studies has become a major software industry, responsive to the needs of the marketplace -- a marketplace dominated by prejudice and its ally, ignorance. When we consider that this marketplace consists largely of schools and colleges, it must give us pause. Every few days, a new software operation surfaces, sometimes out of conventional publishing, sometimes out of nowhere. And the profit motive is written all over the operation. One of the high priorities for those few of us who have some authority in this field is to develop at least a warning system so that time and money are not squandered on the products of what is rapidly becoming little short of criminal activity.

Having looked at four dangerous external tendencies, all of which constitute challenges to Black Studies -- namely imperialism, paternalism, nihilism, and materialism -- I now turn to a fundamental internal tendency, that of Black/white studies.

The only process involved in setting up Black Studies programs in most institutions has been the assembling of materials in the manner in which this is done for other courses, sticking the label "Black" on it, and opening the door to the classroom. What is not fully appreciated is that the materials available for the most part are worthless. They grow out of an ethnocentric bias so complete as to be laughable if it were not the tragedy of the age. The ultimate contribution of Black Studies can be to bring about an academic and intellectual revolution in which the whole story is told. But the whole story lies beneath the tissue of facts and non-facts; it is imbedded in premises and assumptions never once examined. Hence we note a proliferation of Black Studies courses which are merely analogy to other courses taught in the institution, with no indication that their premises are to be new, fresh, tentative. The music of Black people requires something quite different from Euro-American musical theory as Alan Lomax has so brilliantly demonstrated. The behavior of Black people will of course be aberrant if the norms do not take them into account. I see little awareness of this in the construction of Black Studies courses, but this awareness is priority number one.

In Black/white studies, we find the conventional schools staking out territory. There is Black Freudianism, Black Existentialism. These are all European constructions, not wholly applicable to American life

or even to all of Europe, and yet they are generalized into world explaining theories and the facts of life play second fiddle to them in analyses of Black reality. They generate only Black/white studies, aided and abetted by statistics which include Black people from the norms.

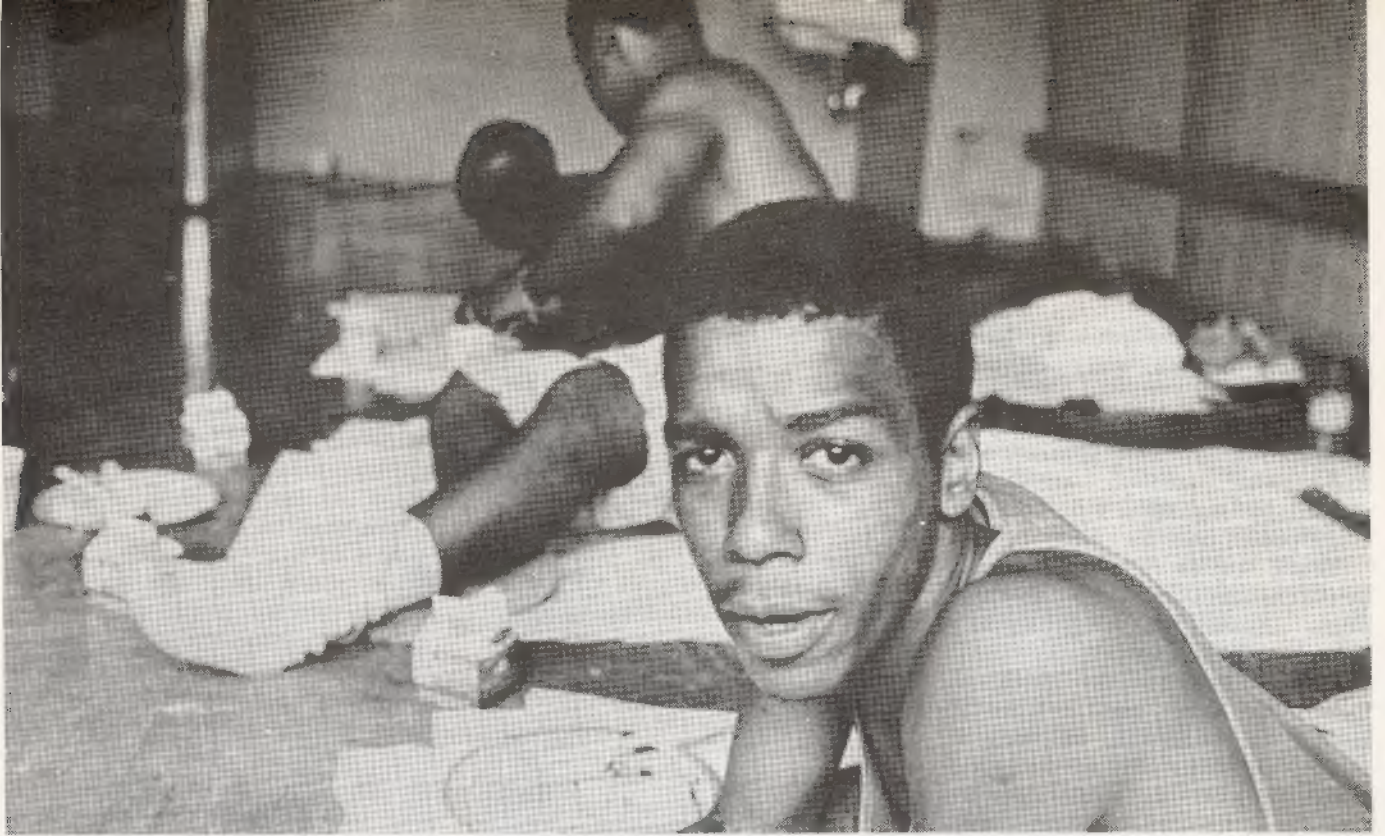
Black Studies is also challenged by the Cultural Deprivation Establishment. Entrenched in the nation's schools and benevolent agencies is a large careeristic army which has earned its spurs and its bread by posing as authorities on the culturally deprived. They have conducted projects and studies, for the most part, of massive irrelevancy, and frequently really dangerous in their import and scope. They have been financed by government and foundation. And they are loathe to be replaced by any new orientation on their captive subject. Being pragmatists all, they are committed to the philosophy "I would rather switch than fight." Accordingly we are seeing before our eyes a fabulous example of shape-shifting--the Cultural Deprivation Establishment becoming the Black Studies Establishment. I say to this, enough! Let them clean up the debris they have created. I would confine the specialists on the culturally deprived to their specialty, and as it falls to pieces before their eyes and those of their donors, let them all hie to the hills.

The dangers that Black Studies faces are great and grave. It should be our aim to sound warning, to address the problems, and to mobilize effective resistance to the dangers. It must be our purpose to see that the fundamental reform of American Society of which Black Studies is a component part is not sabotaged and subverted by venality, pomposity, avarice and deceit.

Memo

Say...uncle sam
in the funny
suit and bad
fag boots full
of Harlem loot
recruiting
niggers to shoot
brothers raping Black
Mothers robbing others
you don't give a
damn about Vietnam
or Pakistan can't
stand a Black
Man you're a faded
swinger pointing a
finger full of
shit you're it
when it hits
the fan sam.

--- Beyerly Bruce Havard



Drugs Are Real

Drug addicts detoxifying in Harlem Hospital after its "liberation" by the United Drug-fighters of Harlem.



by CLAYTON RILEY

Time we stopped playing with ourselves. Playing with ourselves, taking ourselves off, you know, with a lot of jive about the revolution, and the true meaning of Black Art, and the real definition of our distinctive lifestyle, and whatnot.

Time to quit screaming "right on," "nation time," "all power to the people"...

Time to.

Because we are proceeding faster, and better, and more completely with our own destruction than any force outside us could do. Has done.

Time for us to deal with the real... postpone the abstract until we have time and better resources.

Drugs are real.

We walk and talk and look to all those beautiful tomorrows when we will have shaken the oppressor's yoke, and driven the beast to the sea, put whitey in a brand new trick. Yet, when that day comes, when we have put it all together, checked it all out, run it all down, who will take charge of needle hygiene; who will be commissioner of hepatitis prevention; who will be minister-in-charge of the overdose file?

Drugs, if you can dig it, are very real.

We're going to wage war against the "Man," or so we say. War, you dig? Going to get our own thing going. The Brothers are calling for victories in a major conflict while the battle-by-battle, day-to-day confrontation with the drug traffic is being lost in those fabled streets we talk about so much. (Those streets that "belong to the people.")

Children are dead. Minds have been rendered useless, bodies ravaged... the traffic continues. An eight-year-old girl in Harlem is at this moment being treated for heroin addiction. She was buying from a neighborhood junk salesman. He's twelve years old.

A high school basketball star in

suburban Englewood, New Jersey, dies in his mother's car; one needle mark is found on his arm. Richard Mason, a brilliant young Black filmmaker, is in his grave at twenty-four... and the first thing I think when I hear the news is... an O.D., what else?

The rhetoric of the revolution seems to ignore the absence of the necessary troop force. For every spike in every arm, for every nostril poised for a whiff of cocaine, for each nod and every loss of consciousness, there is a related combination of frustrated effort and surrender that mirrors the level of hopelessness currently attending the struggle.

The death of the spirit is worse than the death of the body. The latter is inevitable, we expect it.

And the spirit is what dies regularly among us now. Giving up is what we do, the hope being to make it all easier. What a hype.

Walk the streets. If drama is what we are seeking, stare into youthful eyes of glass, slack-lipped faces looking off toward last month, worried sensibilities convinced the war is already over.

Dialogue? I heard a Brother the other day telling someone his new truth: "It's better for me to sell it to these kids than for them to get it off whitey..."

Are you ready for that? I mean that's logic, right?

Or another dude I know who says he'd stop pushing drugs tomorrow except that... "Well, uh, you see, man, it's just that the bread is so long, baby. Where else," he tells me, "where else could I make these kinda coins?"

Whitey could, for all intents and purposes, put his guns away. We've always been able to kill ourselves better than he can. Saturday nights in our history, hun? How many cut throats and bullet-riddled eyebrows? Now we send each other death in small bags. Because the bread is so long. Or because whitey will do it if we don't.

What a revolution. What a people we are. Talking about nation time. Yeah.

Rapping into the night about controlling our institutions. Listening to politicians make plans for better jobs for young Blacks who won't be around to take them. There are no time clocks in a graveyard. Junkies don't really groove on the democratic process, nobody turns on in an election booth.

We are lying to ourselves if we imagine that in 1970 Black America anything is more important than the agony visited upon our people by the drug traffic.

We can tell ourselves that if enough white kids get hooked something will be done.

But as long as this is America, shrine of Our Lady of the Profit Motive, as long as dollar signs look better than freedom symbols, we will be right on our little polluted patches of ground mumbling about getting the revolution off the launching pad -- tomorrow.

We are a tomorrow bunch of folks. Do it tomorrow, think about it tomorrow, deal with it some other time.

In the novel *The Godfather*, author Mario Puzo details for us the notion that the Mafia didn't want to deal with drugs because the public's alarm and outrage would make it unprofitable. But someone was smart enough to suggest pouring drugs into the Black community. There, reasoned the gangsters, the traffic will flow perfectly because the Black man doesn't respect his woman, his children or himself enough to protect against such an invasion.

We have done an excellent job of making that prophecy pay off. We have made the pusher a rich man and the addict a romantic figure.

And in the process, what have we made ourselves? In the middle of death, and big money, and more dying, and more earning, more tombstones and more Eldorados, what have we become?

The Black Experience

The "Black Experience"
What the hell is it?
I wish somebody would tell me.
I was colored until
3 years ago.

I'm Black
but I'm yellow.
So how can I tell about
the Black Experience?

Where is it?
Is it in the slum or suburb
or city or jungle?
On 7th Street or High Street
or Blue Hill Ave?
Or Botswana?

I'm sitting at this typewriter
in this sterile office of a
white man
trying to tell about
the Black Experience.

But I don't know what it is.

Is it a little boy with
a blonde afro
or a pimp
with a conk?

Is it getting a perm so your hair
won't back up? Or getting a
natural so if it backs up it was
that way before?

Is it rapping with brothers and
sisters about being Black? How
are they supposed to know --
half of them are shacking with
a Norde.

Is it having your mama
scrub the white woman's kitchen
or your daddy in
the Post Office?

Is it welfare investigators?

My husband who is together
says I ask too many questions.

Is that part of the Experience?
Or is doubt and paranoia?

I love to eat. But I watch what
I eat so I can keep Miss Ann's
figure and that ain't right.
Isn't being Black being breeder?

I just realized that we talk better
than the white man. Nobody has to
get a dictionary (odiferous, pulchritude)
to know what we mean.

But they (*we*) know what we mean.

Actually I'm tired of this
Black thing.

Everybody's got to be relating
to Black.

Why not relate to you to me to
him to them.

Why not party, love,
make love
swear a little and sleep.
Ribs are good.

Brother Bobby says
the Black Experience is
Stagerlee
who shot Billy.

Well I'm Black and
I never shot Billy.
So what is the Black Experience?

I'm Black
but I'm yellow
so I'll live me and
love my man
and ask questions about
the "Black Experience"
like everybody else.

--- Betty Hager Francis

News in Brief

Guyana Africans Bury North Carolina Freedom Fighter

Georgetown, Guyana (Student Organization for Black Unity): Warm flames of Pan-African unity were aglow here recently as Arch Foster, the 38-year-old former associate director of the Foundation for Community Development (FCD) in Durham, N.C., was buried in the historic soil of Berbice. At this site in 1763, 37 years before



Mrs. Patricia Foster proudly bears the African calabash during funeral services for her husband in Guyana.

Gabriel Prosser, the African nationalist Cuffy led a great slave uprising which ranks high in the chronicles of the Guyanese African revolution.

Foster died in a swimming accident in New Bern, N.C., on July 5, when, according to his wife, he just "suddenly disappeared beneath a large wave." The body was found four days later.

During his life, Foster had often talked of his desire to not be buried in the United States. It was thus proper, his friends thought, that he be put to rest in a country like Guyana where African people were struggling to build a free and independent nation. Accordingly, the remains were cremated following short memorial services in Durham and on August 13 Mrs. Foster left New York for the Caribbean African country.

That night the funeral party attended an African wake at the Nyumba ya Umoja (House of Unity), the office of the African Society for Cultural Relations with Independent Africa (ASCRIA). The sounds of African drumming and traditional songs and dances rang out from the open second story hall; traditional folklore was recounted by village elders who spoke of Africa, warriors and a proud and powerful heritage.

The first funeral procession began Sunday afternoon, August 16. Led

by Mrs. Foster, an entourage of 200 marched from the funeral home to the ASCRIA headquarters. Mrs. Foster wore a white gown and head wrap and carried with her the traditional African calabash, filled with foods symbolic of both the sweet and bitter things of life.

Then began the second phase of the rites with another march, this time to Plaisance, where traditional African funeral rites were performed. The Guyanese Elder Klien asked the blessings of the ancestors. Prayers were said in Kiswahili as well as in Yoruba, the classic West African tongue which many Guyanese still speak and understand quite well. Nearly a thousand persons joined in the procession to the marketplace.



The funeral cortege leaves the headquarters of ASCRIA on Third St. in Georgetown. Behind Mrs. Foster are (l - r) Howard Fuller, of Malcolm X Liberation University in Greensboro, N.C.; ASCRIA member Michael Blair; Eusi Kwayana, chairman of ASCRIA; Mrs. Fuller and Elder Klien of Georgetown.



The funeral cortege of 500 persons spreads out over the nine mile trek from Georgetown to the village of Plaisance.

Elder women from the village chanted songs of sadness and happiness and performed traditional African dance rites around the symbolic box containing Foster's remains.

Mrs. Foster then opened the calabash and gave libations to the ancestors in traditional African style. She gave coconut pieces to all those present and then led a small procession to the home of community elders where the party rested.



At Plaisance, African women chant songs of sorrow, happiness and mourning around wooden casket containing Foster's remains.



Martin Carter (l), a Guyanese minister of information and cultural affairs, and Elder Klien (r) assist (l-r) Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Viola Fuller with symbolic calabash.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Foster, close friends, and members of ASCRIA left by boat for the trip to the final resting place in Magdalenenburg. They crossed the Berbice River and then took a launch provided by the government up the Canje River. On the way they were joined by Elder Stewart, a village headman from that area.

At the burial spot, African chants accompanied the placing of the coffin box containing the urn of ashes in a small grave. The symbolic calabash which Mrs. Foster had proudly born throughout the ceremonies was placed upon it. On top of the historic revolutionary burial spot was placed a simple marker which read, "Here lies the sacred remains of Arch Foster -- African Warrior -- by consent of the Government of Guyana."

Soon a stone marker -- "We Are an African People, Arch Foster" -- and flowers to be planted by village residents will mark the spot where the unity of the world-wide struggle for the liberation of Africa's people has been symbolically linked.

cont next pg

Asbury Blacks Boycott White Business

Asbury Park, New Jersey (LNS): The Black community of Asbury Park, N.J., in the wake of the rebellion of July 4, has announced an economic boycott of the city's white business district.

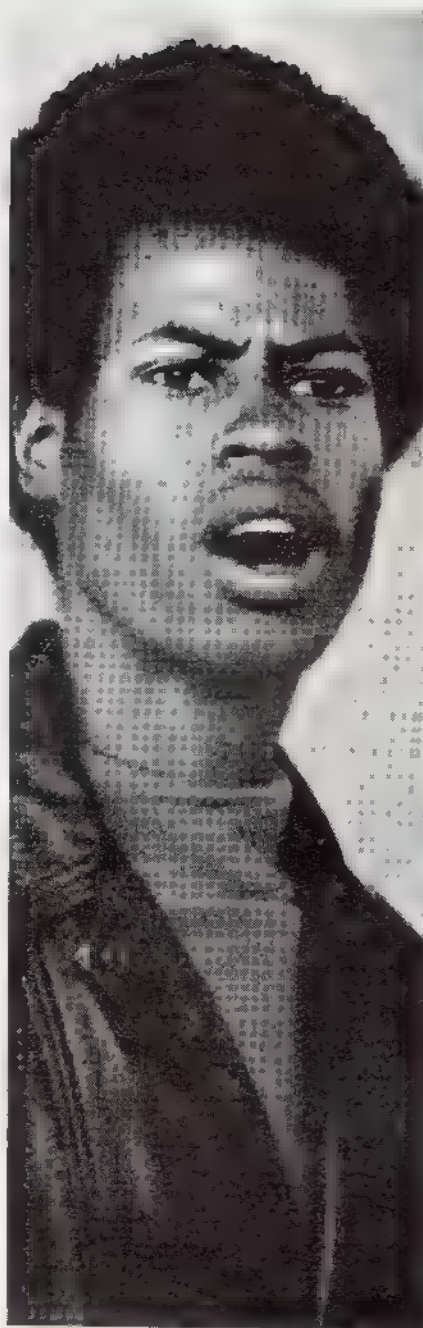
The boycott comes as a result of the refusal of the city administration to accede to the list of 22 demands drawn up by the Black community, which constitutes 47% of the population. The demands include the naming of a Black member to the local school board, amnesty for all those arrested during the rebellion in July, renaming a junior high school after Malcolm X, and a program of increased Black employment.

Houston in the Wake of Carl Hampton's Death

Houston (LNS): Carl Hampton, 21-year-old chairman of People's Party II, a local Black organization similar in program and practice to the Black Panther Party, was shot down in ambush late Sunday night, July 26. He died about four hours later with several bullets lodged in his chest.

The shooting took place near the People's Party II Community Information Center, located on busy Dowling St. in one of Houston's several large Black communities. The Center was established little less than two months ago as a headquarters for the Party's serve-the-people programs.

The Center had been the target of intensive police harassment for more than a week before the shooting. Party members and their allies had armed themselves for self-defense. But they maintained a strict rule:



CARL HAMPTON

never fire on police unless fired upon first.

The week of tension had begun when police tried to enter the Center, pointing their guns at Hampton and several other Party members who were blocking the doorway. Hampton pulled a pistol and pointed it at the police. His brothers followed suit. Standoff: both sides stood staring and pointing their pieces for thirty minutes. Then the police packed their guns and left.

Hundreds of people filled the streets. Armed allies, many of them white and brown, rushed to the scene to help guard the office. There was excitement and fear and solidarity.

This did not happen every night. Sometimes only a few maintained the all-night vigil. But there was a continual sense of anticipation.

On July 26, Hampton was speaking to an impromptu rally protesting the arrest of two Blacks for carrying weapons, when he was informed that "some fool" was outside shooting at the police. He moved out into the street to find out what was happening and was laid to the ground by police bullets.

A gun battle ensued, and several men were injured. One was Bartee Haile, a white man, a member of the John Brown Revolutionary League. Another was a People's Party II member named John Coward.

To the Houston radical community, there is little question that Carl was picked out for extermination. Immediately following Carl's death, people organized the Coalition for the Defense of People's Party II. Spearheading the coalition was Houston's Rainbow Coalition -- the Mexican American Youth Organization (MAYO), the John Brown Revolution-

ary League and People's Party II -- along with the *Space City* (an underground newspaper) Collective. They were joined by such diverse groups as the University of Houston Young Democrats, the LH Committee for a Human Environment, two Houston women's liberation groups, the Houston Welfare Rights Organization and the Youth International Party. A rally was planned for the next weekend at Emancipation Park, directly across the street from the People's Party II headquarters.

The week before the rally was a tense one. The Houston police continued to harass and intimidate leftists throughout the city. Police helicopters hovered continuously over their homes and offices. The police did not move in on the rally, however, which remained peaceful. Nearly 1,000 people showed up, despite fears of violence. A vast majority of the crowd was Black, though there were some Chicanos and whites.

Under the hot Houston sun, speaker after speaker called for unity and struggle. James Aron, from People's Party II, declared that the police might have won the battle that Sunday night, but that they were not going to win the war. They thought they could kill the revolution in Houston by picking off a leader, he said, but they only gave the struggle new strength and seriousness. "Now there are a thousand Carl Hamptons walking the streets of Houston."

The Coalition will continue to provide material support for People's Party community programs, to educate Houston about the events surrounding Carl's death, to supply legal aid and to build support for the trials stemming from the July 26 shoot-out.

RACISM AND PSYCHOTHERAPY

Can a white therapist help a black ghetto family? Can he free himself from three hundred years of racism and supremacy?

What about a black therapist from a middle class background? Is he a pawn of the white establishment?

Can a black patient free himself from three hundred years of slavery in a racist society to be helped by traditional psychotherapy?

These are some of the questions that prompted four prominent therapists to challenge the validity of existing mental health programs for the ghetto poor. This book documents their dramatic experiments and reveals their disquieting conclusions about the role of psychotherapy in a racist society.

BLACK GHETTO FAMILY IN THERAPY

A LABORATORY EXPERIMENT BY C. FORD
J. SAGER MD THOMAS J. BRAYBOY MD
BARBARA R. WAXENBERG

\$6.50 now at your bookstore, or order direct from GROVE PRESS, 214 Mercer, New York, N.Y. 10012

NKRUMAH SPEAKS

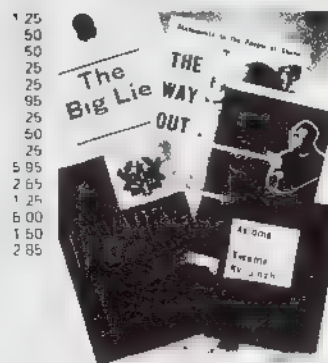
AXIOMS OF KWAME NKRUMAH

Big Lie	1.25
Murder of Nigeria	50
Spectre of Black Power	50
Struggle Continues	25
Toward African Freedom	25
Two Myths	95
Voice From Conakry	25
Way out	50
Africa Must unite	25
Challenge of the Congo	5.95
Dark Days in Ghana	2.65
Ghana: Autobiography	1.25
Handbook of Revolutionary Warfare	6.00
Neo-Colonialism: The Last Stage of Imperialism	1.50
	2.85

ROBINS Distributing Co.

6 North 13th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 19107

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED



AGENTS WANTED TO SELL LIBERATOR LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

For Further Information
and to order
244 East 46 St., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

ATTACH ADDRESS LABEL HERE

Print name, new address and Zip
Code below. Mail to LIBERATOR
244 East 46 Street N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____

alownne

BY J. W. MONDESIRE

*wif ma new fro i'm not a bad lookin mommy/in fact
i'm fine damn fine at dat/*

Juanita was patting down the last few uncooperative strands of her natural, while trippingOUT in her favorite psychic fantasylands: the mythical worlds of "I Could Be, If Only..." & "One of These Days I Will..."

*if only i jus lose a few pounds in de right places/
i'll be able to slide into a size ten/one of dese days
i'm gonna go on a diet/maybe/*

Juanita was graced with a slightly pimpled complexion of toasted brown. Her dark hazel eyes were deep-set and were rimmed by thickbrown eyebrows. Her jaw was a smooth delicate uninterrupted curve with soft dimples planted in each plump cheek. And her hair was now a thick but close-cropped reddishbrown natural.

Writhing in her overstretched girdle, under the red knit culottes, she flinched from a piercing painflash irritating her right side. She slipped her hand underneath her foundations just below her navel and felt a tiny fleshy node. Pressing it gently, the pain returned.

*it probably ain't nuthin/if it's still dere nex week
i'll go back to dat doctor/*

*maybe i won't wear a bra today, like dem college
girls is doin/it could blow johnny's min/NAAAW unh...
unh/with dis knit blouse dat won't hardly get it/*

*an plus i finally foun one of dose playtex livin
things in forty an i ain't gonna let it go to waste/*

She pulled a small glycene envelope filled with white granules from under her greasestained pillow pasting it with a frigid stare. She stroked the plastic bag gently, as gently as one strokes a fallen bird. But despite her strongest restraints her hands began to tremBLE and her breathing suddenly quicKened. The glycene envelope soon lay in a shallow pool of perspiration.

*i ain't got nuthin to live for noway/no husband no
babies no home/i ain't got shit/evry time i think bout
what's happenin to me i wanna vommit/*

*six years at de phone compny an i still ain't got
nowhere/sometimes i feel like smashin dat damn tele-
type machine into tiny little pieces an throwin em down
de toilet wif de res o dem people's junk/*

She was now strangling the glycene bag. Her fingernails dug tenaciously into the palm of her hand leaving telltale red gorges.

*an like johnny said/what harm is one little snort
gonna do me/ i ain't gonna get hooked or nuthin/plus
de fact it'll make me feel real swEEEtannice like johnny
said it would/ an johnny wouldn't lie to me/*

*i jus cain't take it at de phone company no more/i'm
sick in my guts evry day when i come out o dere/drinkin
don't help me no more/between dat teletype an dem
stinkin whiteys it's enough to make a girl lose her
dignity/*

*i ain't got no dignity noway/you gotta want to live
ta even think bout havin dignity/an i ain't got nuthin or
nobody/it's jus juanita brown an her big black ass
gainst de whole rotten world/*

After placing the glycene envelope in the side compartment of her redpatentshoulderbag, Juanita began to search for her wallet. She had to escavate around a confusing assortment of beauty aids, crumpledscraps of paper, pencils, combs and chEWedup Bics. She finally uncovered the wallet from beneath a plastic make-up case bearing the label, "BEAUTIFUL EYE-LASHES by MAYBELLINE."

*damn...only two dollars an twelve cents/evry wed-
nesday it's de sameole-sameole/for six years now i
always spen my little takehome change by wednesday
it's a good thing tomorrow is payday/frum one thursday
to de nex/*

goDDAMN it when is all dis shit gonna en/

Yanking her keycase from beneath the cosmetic rubble in her bag she stepped briskly from her bedroom to the front door. She had to pull the door sharply in order to keep it from sticking to the doorsill. She skillfully wriggled the key in the beatout tumblers of her antique FoxPOLicelock until the metal sounded its reassuring click.

*i sure hope dem junkies don't rob me/i don't have
much but it's mine and i wanna keep it all til i decides
ta throw it out/ den dey kin have whatever dey wants ta
have/*

She kicked an empty bottle of fermentedGRApe-SWILL off the stoop as she headed for the corner of 130th street and Lenoxave. Passing stores at eight-thirty in the morning she couldn't leisurely windowshop since the galvanized Rlot shields don't rise in Harlem

cont on pg 20



Vance C. Allen

ALOWNNE cont.

until after ninefortyfive.

Juanita was already feeling the August swelter as a thin line of perspiration began to creep down the arm-pit of her sleeveless blouse. At 133rd street she froze, her eyes searching the asphaltPIT for some sign of life.

The entire block from Lenox to Fifthave was smothered in a morning veil of humid stillness. The heavy air pressing its coarse and grimy pollutedpaws against her plump cheeks. Not even a lone hungry cat dared violate this languid calm. There was only the damp hum of a few ravenous flies jostling each other in an excited game of aerial leapfrog above a compactpile of DOGSht. It was a startling contrast to the noise-choked antics that would reverberate in the afternoon air and spill over into the dark hour.

Finally, she caught glimpse of a small head POPup from one of the many basement entrances. When the rest of the body followed the head up out of this concrete slit, a stubby bent ebony figure clad in patched overalls was revealed. Between his outstretched arms was a battered metal trash can.

"Hey Short Willie! Short Willie!" Juanita shouted for his attention, but the stubby bent figure turned his back to her. "Short Willie don't you hear me callin you? I ain't shoutin my lungs out for nuthin you know!"

The denim clad figure turned slowly.

"Oh hey Juanita, I thought I heard sumpthin. But I thought it was ma fool radio come on by itself agin. Jus lemme put dis can down an I'll be right dere."

Short Willie was white AmeriKKKa's ideal testament to the Black man's place in the national economy. Short Willie was a monopoly capitalist. He singularly owned all of the janitorialrights to every apartment building on the north side of 133rd street between Lenox and Fifthave. Short Willie additionally maintained control of the custodial market for all the stores on Lenoxave between 132nd street and 134th street. Short Willie was an industrious Baptist with a bent spine who worked HARD and slept at his place of business. The basement.

"How you feelin today Juanita?" he said, approaching her stout figure.

"I'm doin jus fine," she answered, standing feet apart with a hand on each bulging hip. "You seen dat no good man o mine?" she inquired, trying to mask her sincerity.

"I saw Johnny las night, Juanita. He was shootin crap out in front o Sam's place til bout onethirty in de mornin. He was winnin when I lef. I gits awful tired sometime an ma back startin ta pain me agin. Mus be de heat."

"Get one of your church sisters to rub your back for ya Willie," she taunted mockingly. "You can still look pretty cute in your blue pin-stripe suit when you ain't smokin dat damn cigar."

"Stop makin fun o me, Juanita," he countered. "You know de only woman I ever loved was Momma Stewart. An de Lawd took her away from me when I let

dem put her in dat damn Harlem Hospital eleven years ago."

"What killed Momma, Willie?"

"Dem no good city doctors killed her, dat's who! She wen in dere complainin o arthreetus and dey stuck her in de hallway. Fo'days later she cum down wif pneumonia. She was soole and worn-out dat she was dead in a week. I should never have let her go in dat filthy hospital in da firs place. It was all ma fault. If I had only knowd wha was gonna happen, I would a cared fo her maself."

Short Willie removed his cigar from his mouth and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. The criss-crossnetwork of creases that etched his leathery Black face slowly relaxed as water swelled his already scarletstained eyes. His head slowly slumped forward, exposing the tattered collar of what was a Sunday-go-to-church-shirt. Sensing the pain woven tightly through Willie's face, Juanita gently raised his fallen chin.

"Don't cry Willie, honey. At least you had somebody to live for once an that's yours forever. You're luckier than me, Willie."

Willie raised his head, eyes glistening and a shallow smile creeping cautiously onto his cracked lips. "Befo I fo'git, Juanita, Johnny tol me ta give ya a message if I happen to see ya dis mornin. He said ta tell ya dat he's comin down ta meet ya afta work today an dat if he kep winnin at gamblin dat ya could soon quit de phone com'ny."

"That's what he says evry time he gets a little lucky. But he ends up borrowin from me evry Thursday."

"But when I saw him las night he had ova fifteen-hundred dolla's in his han's, Juanita. He's gotta keep some of it wif all dat money."

"You don't know Johnny like I know him, Willie. I knows him real well. You hear what I say? I knows Johnny Butch Anderson real well."

"Anyways I gave you da message like I s'pose ta. I see ya later Juanita. I gotta get back ta work befo dem store people git mad at me fo not washin de windows til late."

"Take care o yourself, Willie. I don't wanna see you cryin no more. You been a lucky man. Luckier dan mos folks."

Within a few minutes Juanita was stepping into the subterranean bowels of the city. It was the identical procedure each morn'ng. First drop a token in one of the government's greedy slot machines, then stand in the stingy station waiting for the electric Monster to rumble out of its cold&drstsmothered cavern. The ride was always an exhausting contest for open space and fresh air between 300 twisted bodies in an area designed to humanely accommodate 150.

I hope maybe i can git a seat today/or maybe a miracle'll happen/one of de brothers will get up an let me sit down/

gotta remember to call dat doctor kaufman/costme too much money to fo'get/

When the Seventhave monster screeched into the onehundredthirtyfifth street station the familiar stack of tortured flesh was pressed from door to door. She cautiously slipped into the car, careful not to crunch anyone's unsuspecting toes. When the doors were shut she closed her eyes and hastily released a short breath of relief.

i could be loungin on some beach in the bahamas if only i had some money/someday i'm gonna take me a long vacation and if i liked it i wouldn't even come back to dis stinkin town to git ma stuff/

i should've tried some o johnny's stuff/den i mightn't feel so damn bad/!Esus i wish dat pain in ma stomach would go away/i can't afford to git sick/i ain't got no money as it is/an i ain't throwin ma life away in dat crumby Harlem hospital/

The monster finally settled down at Pennstation and Juanita scOOTedout toward the nearest exit. The slimy air above the tubes was bathed in the stench of exhaust fumes. The poisonous vapors were trapped between the windowpunctured concretemilkcartons masquerading under the label of skyscrapers.

Juanita strode weightedly, her chunky legs carrying her directly to the washedoutbrown New York Telephone concretemilkcarton on Sixthave. She briskly stepped passed her usual coffee-stop at the corner luncheonette.

i better not eat too heavy today/ i don't wanna antagonize dat damn pain in ma stomach/

gotta remember to call dat doctor kaufman/

After her usual morning ritual with her mechanical taskmaster, the timeclock, she reported to her supervisor on the sixteenth floor. She was handed the morning folder containing the midtown teletype orders to be sent on this date. She sat behind her machine setting up the keyboard for operation.

i been behin dis damn teletype machine fo five lousy years/ plunkin ma fingers to de bone/ when i started here dey had me filin orders eight hours a day/ den dey foun out i took typin at central commercial so dey chained me to dis keyboard/

i don't wanna end up like dese whiteys/ all dried out and stooped over/they looks worse dan death/ dat white bitch is lookin over here agin/jus cause she's a goddamn supervisor she thinks she's god's lil helper/ i'm gonna fix her ass real good befo i leaves dis place/

order 19ms00064 due date 8 21

order 31sb 12517 due date 8 23

don't wanna go too fas/dis gotta las all mornin/ what time is it anyway/ shIT only tenfortyfive/why won't dat damn clock hurry up/damnit

When the bell announced the arrival of the official lunch hour, Juanita was stilltypingout the morning orders. But she shutOFF the machine, immediately rose and walked quickly toward the north end of the office where the rows of file cabinets were stored. It was quiet here now that the file clerks were out to lunch.

She searched in her bag for a moment, finally extracting her phoneandaddressbook. She dialed rapidly and sat back to wait.

"Hello, this is Miss Juanita Yolanda Brown. I'd like to speak to Doctor Kaufman please.... Yes, I'll hold."

i sure hope dis expensive doctor was worth it/

"Hello, Doctor Kaufman? This is Juanita Brown. You tol me to call you to get de results of ma rab-rab-rabbit tes. It's funny I had to call you today. I been feelin a sharp pain down on ma right side all mornin. I also been feelin a lil naucious too.... Doctor! Are you sure? Do you really means it? It couldn't be true. No, not me! Not me! Anybody but me.... I know that, Doctor Kaufman. If you say dat de tes was positive den it mus be true. Thank you doctor it was worth evry dime I spent to come and see you.... Oh yes doctor I'll come in nex month fo ma check up. But I may have to pay you half now and half later.... Oh well, den, I'll haf ta try ta see if I can git de money befo I come to see you den.... I won't fo'git bout nex month. I know how important it is. I'll see you in a few weeks if I can git de money den. G'bye."

Her face radiating a cOOLsOft sparkle, Juanita slowly replaced the receiver and headed directly for her end of the office.

i've gotta get a crib... a carriage some blankets... some blue booties an a matchin snowsuit/gotta get so many things/hope johnny will help pay for all dese things/

i'm gonna love ma baby an he ain't gonna be hungry not a single day in his life/ma baby's gonna be warm/ ain't no col night draf gonna disturb him while he's sleep/he's gonna be healthy an strong/ he ain't gonna be dumb like his momma/ma baby's gonna be de smartest little black baby in de world/an he ain't give whitey no peace til he and his momma is free/i know he won't let me work at de phone compny jus as soon as he gits big enough to work himself/

She entered the womenslavatory and went into one of the stalls locking the door behind her. She opened her bag and once again dived into the cluttered rubble, but her tremBLing fingers made it hard to maneuver. Pulling out the glycene envelope she held it in her clenched fist and stretched her arm above her head. Her eyelids were locked in taut knots and her hand was now convulsed in spastic jerks. She suddenly yanked her arm down to her side dropping the envelope into the toilet. She anxiously pumped the handle of the commode until the water was swishing in a small circular torrent. The sloshing whirlpool swiftly carried the tiny packet beneath the depths of the bowl. Displaying a bold and ecstatic grin reminiscent of one who walks away from a stretch at the Tombs, Juanita witnessed this watery burial, rubbing her promising brown belly with smooth and tender circular motions.

i wonder what johnny'll say/ i hope he'll love him too/

when he grows up he ain't gonna rest til his momma's well taken care of/ma baby won't let me down/i jus know he won't/ not with all de love i'm gonna give him he couldn't.../

Book Reviews

Black Pow-Wow Jazz Poems, by Ted Joans. New York: Hill and Wang, 1969. 130 pp. \$1.95.

Riot, by Gwendolyn Brooks. Detroit: Broadside Press, 1969. 22 pp. \$1.00.

Homecoming, by Sonia Sanchez. Detroit: Broadside Press, 1969. 32 pp. \$1.00.

Cities Burning, by Dudley Randall. Detroit: Broadside Press, 1968. 16 pp. \$1.00.

Maumau American Cantos, by Tom Weatherly. New York: Corinth Books, 1970. 48 pp. \$1.75.

"The new Black aesthetic" is a fashionable term nowadays. Young men throw it out as an excuse for bad poetry; colorfully-clad brothers toss it off and continue to scribble uneventful stories; striking sisters use it to cover a lack of technique. This is all a normal part of a revolutionary era in art. The hangers-on, the poor (but fast-selling) craftsmen, and the exploiters are part of every new artistic movement. We can simply pat them on the back, call them brother, and (at all costs) refuse to take them any more seriously than their output demands.

Exciting events are at hand, however, with the publication of five volumes of poetry that give a true picture of "the new Black aesthetic." In the poetry of Ted Joans, Dudley Randall, Gwendolyn Brooks, Tom Weatherly, and Sonia Sanchez, we find that the new Black aesthetic means diversity, humor, freedom, and a movement away from traditional form and content. By and large, the five volumes offer a perfect illustration of one of Joans' statements: "...Blackpoets dont/write in code or metaphor/Blackpoets who imitated whitepoets from SHAKESPEARE to DYLAN THOMAS/thus deny their own Blackfolklore." There is a return to the folk in each of the volumes, a treatment of nitty-gritty issues, and a sense of the beauty of Black-

ness that echoes from Joans' "The Ubiquitous Lions" to Sonia Sanchez's "homecoming."

The points of unity in the five volumes, however, must not be allowed to obscure the differences. While all five poets employ an irony of understatement (*a la* Hughes), a liberal portion of sexual experience, and a good deal of humor, there are differences that separate their work. Ted Joans is no more a Tom Weatherly than Sonia Sanchez is a Gwendolyn Brooks, and Dudley Randall stands in a category of his own that bears only slight resemblance to the other four. The most outstanding volumes in the group are Joans' *Black Pow-Wow* and Gwendolyn Brooks' *Riot*. Joans takes all of his experiences as mete subjects for his verse, and for a cosmopolitan like Joans this means a cornucopia of fresh and telling poems. *Black Pow-Wow* contains magnificent Harlem portraits, beautiful and allusive French impressions, and stirring African encomiums that are set forth in language perfectly suited to the content.

Riot is concerned primarily with a single event, which becomes an event through the poetry of Gwendolyn Brooks. In dealing with "the disturbances in Chicago after the assassination of Martin Luther King in 1968," the poet has shown her word magic and technical virtuosity once again:

The young men run.
They will not steal Bing Crosby
but will steal
Melvin Van Peebles who made
Lillie
a thing of Zampoughi a thing of
red wiggles and trebles
(and I know there are twenty
wire stalks sticking out of her head
as her underfed haunches jerk
jazz.)

Perhaps the most apropos judgment is that in *Riot* Gwendolyn Brooks is Gwendolyn Brooks.

Tom Weatherly's *Maumau American Cantos* shifts back and forth from the

"new poetry" to the deep rhythms of the blues. The architectonic critic can find more than a day's work in Weatherly's wit, ambiguity, and tension while the revolutionary critic can spend hours pointing out the poet's ideological leanings. *Maumau American Cantos*, however, is pre-eminently a "personal" volume, and one might argue that the poet's mythos is composed too much of personal emotions. Weatherly reminds one of the LeRoi Jones of 1961 minus some of Jones' redeeming virtues. Yet, it is hard to find fault with a poet who has produced "blues for franks wooten," "mud water shango," and "Maumau American Cantos."

Sonia Sanchez is almost flawless in "homecoming," "poem at thirty," "summary," "malcom" and one or two others in her volume, but she resorts to tricks of style and hackneyed themes at other points. On the whole, *Homecoming* could have been profitably shortened.

Finally, there is Dudley Randall's *Cities Burning*, a deceptive title. With one or two exceptions, Randall's volume has little to do with cities burning. Randall does have a good deal to say about the role of the poet, and he has some ironic and bitter comments to make about the pretensions of poetasters. There is also a reprinting of the "Ballad of Birmingham" and one or two reflective pieces that show fine polish.

Weatherly, Randall, and Miss Sanchez manifest marked differences in technique and quality. The self-searching impressionist, the reflective literary lion, and the dynamic sister seem mete classifications for these three poets. With Ted Joans and Gwendolyn Brooks there are no such classifications; the two poets -- in their range, mastery of language, and maturity -- defy categorization. It is comforting to know that with five poets such as these, the colorfully-clad but poorly-poeting brothers who talk of a "new Black aesthetic" scarcely have a chance.

--- Houston A. Baker, Jr.

BLACK SOLDIERS IN VIETNAM



Kent Garrett

Black Navy men at Nhe Bay, outside of Saigon, return from a River Patrol Boat reconnaissance-by-fire mission.

Our tenth year

ihooray d.c.!

5 Compelling Reasons Why You Should Subscribe To **LIBERATOR**

1. Each month, *LIBERATOR's* compelling approach to journalism has made it the only magazine of its kind today.
2. Issue after issue *LIBERATOR* commands the immediate attention of all Americans.
3. We not only report news, we help make news.
4. We bring you penetrating analysis of trends in Afro-American communities, and in Africa, Asia and Latin America.
5. *LIBERATOR* - Tough magazine to ignore - if you want to keep up with a changing world.

SUBSCRIBE NOW 12 issues \$4.00

LIBERATOR

244 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y., 10017

Please enroll me as a subscriber for:

☐ one year, \$4.00 or, ☐ two years, \$7.50

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed

Back copies from 1963 on, are available at .50¢ each.

LIBERATOR

244 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y., 10017

RETURN REQUESTED

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Brooklyn, N.Y.
PERMIT NO. 7379

6-70
PERIODICAL LIBRARIAN
PUBLIC LIBRARY
5 WASHINGTON ST
NEWARK N J 07101

and a send